

and they saw that there was something in the satchel, but they knew not what it was. And he had a small blue pitcher in his hand, and a bowl on the mouth of the pitcher. [*The tale of Geraint, the son of Erbin.* This is the source of Tennyson's *Idyll, Geraint and Enid.*]

And he saw a tall tree by the side of the river, one half of which was in flames from the root to the top, and the other half was green and in full leaf. [*The tale of Peredur.*]

[The current notion that *mabinogi* (pl. *mabinogion*) means an old Welsh nursery tale is not correct. The word *mabinogi* comes from *mabinog*, and *mabinog* means a young man receiving instruction from a qualified bard; *mabinogi* would mean, therefore, the material through which a *mabinog* was trained, and which he used in his calling.]

VIII.

And Arthur and Owain marvelled at the tumult as they played at chess: and, looking, they perceived a knight upon a dun-coloured horse coming towards them. And marvellous was the hue of the dun horse. Bright red was his right shoulder, and from the top of his legs to the centre of his hoof was bright yellow. Both the knight and his horse were fully equipped with heavy foreign armour. The clothing of the horse from the front opening upwards was of bright red sendel, and from thence opening downwards was of bright yellow sendel. A large gold-hilted one-edged sword had the youth upon his thigh, in a scabbard of light blue, and tipped with Spanish laton. The belt of the sword was of dark green leather, with golden slides and a clasp of ivory upon it, and a buckle of jet black upon the clasp. A helmet of gold was on the head of the knight, set with precious stones of great virtue, and at the top of the helmet was the image of a flame-coloured leopard with two ruby-red stones in its head, so that it was astounding for a warrior, however stout his heart, to look at the face of the leopard, much more at the face of the knight. He had in his hand a blue-shafted lance, but from the haft to the point it was stained crimson-red, with the blood of the Ravens and their plumage.—*The Mabinogion* (The Dream of Rhonabwy.)

IX.

LLYWARCH HEN'S ODE TO HIS CRUTCH.

- O my crutch! it is not autumn, when the fern is red, the water-flag yellow!
Have I not hated that which I love?
- O my crutch! is it not winter-time now, when men talk together after that
they have drunken? Is not the side of my bed left desolate?
- O my crutch! is it not spring, when the cuckoo passes through the air, when
the foam sparkles on the sea? The young maidens no longer love me.
- O my crutch! is it not the first day of May? The furrows, are they not
shining; the young corn, is it not springing? Ah! the sight of thy
handle makes me wroth.
- O my crutch; stand straight, thou wilt support me the better; it is very long
since I was Llywarch. Behold old age which makes sport of me, from
the hair of my head to my teeth, to my eyes, which women loved.
The four things I have all my life most hated fall upon me together—coughing
and old age, sickness and sorrow.